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The Fleeting and Lingering Effervescence of a Teenager



19 0 1

Chapter 1 by Devix Perez

Well, back when I was a teenager (which was not to long ago in fact), I remember this point of my life in moments, short, yet long lasting. These moments were tattoos of what was just my life's rendezvous with danger and naivety. This all had started when I met him, the siren of stupidity, the typical teenager hated by many fathers, the pried piper of many naive girls, he was Harvey. (as I quote, "he was")

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